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MARYLAND FISHERIES

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THE ARK AND THE DOVE OF 1934

ONE of the high points of the Tercentenary Celebration which took place at St. Mary's City on the St. Mary's River, June 15th and 16th, was the water pageant depicting the arrival of the Ark and the Dove and the landing of "Leonard Calvert and his fellow colonists" on the shores below the site of the first city of Maryland.

Those who witnessed the slow and stately progress of these two little ships on their way to the landing spot, a gentle southerly breeze filling the old square-cut sails, experienced a memorable thrill. Very little imagination was required to transplant oneself back into the seventeenth century and visualize the scene which took place on that spring morning three hundred years ago. The physical setting must have been much the same, the beautiful winding river, the meadows and trees lining the banks to the water's edge. The noisy motor boats clustering around the wharves, the American and British cruisers, and the swarming thousands along the river bank all faded out of the picture, and only the two little ships booming their salute to the King, the group of gallant men and women standing in the prow and on the

high poop eagerly viewing this land which was to be their future home, and the savages who watched from shore with curiosity, and perhaps alarm, remained.

The story of the building of the Tercentenary Ark is one of particular interest to Maryland watermen, because of their familiarity with the old May Brown, reminiscent of Maryland's famous Oyster Navy, from which the 1934 Ark was built. This old vessel, named for the daughter of Governor Frank Brown, was built in 1882, and fought in many of the battles between the oyster police and the dredgers during the late eighties and nineties, when the Chesapeake Bay pungy was supreme and the shanghaiing of crews to wind the oyster dredges was a common and vicious practice of the day. In the early days of her career as a patrol vessel of the Maryland Oyster Navy, the May Brown was in command of Captain Oscar Hartge of Galesville, Anne Arundel County. A particularly interesting coincidence in connection with the conversion of the May Brown into the Tercentenary Ark is the fact that the work of rebuilding her was done by Captain Ernest H. Hartge, a boat builder of West River, and grandson of Captain Oscar Hartge.

At one of the earliest meetings of the Maryland Tercentenary Commission, the suggestion was made that the Ark and the Dove should be reproduced for the St. Mary's City celebration. At the time the idea was dismissed as impractical and involving the expenditure of too much money. Later, at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Commission, Swepson Earle, a member, brought the subject before the committee, and was authorized to investigate the probable cost and report.

Fortunately, the schooner May Brown, which had outlived her usefulness as a patrol boat of the State Fishery Force, was still in the possession of the Conservation Department of Maryland, and Mr. Earle decided that she might be suitable as the hull for the Ark. Careful measurements were made, and a plan was worked out whereby the May Brown could for very little be converted into the Ark.

Captain George W. Rappleyea, a marine architect and member of the Maryland Yacht Club, was consulted, and after many weeks of careful research among the old records in the libraries of Baltimore, Washington and London, plans for the work were laid out Captain Hartge, to whom the plans were submitted, became interested and agreed, for a very modest sum, to under-

take the reproductions. Work on the May Brown was commenced April 1st.

The Sea Scouts of Baltimore, under the supervision of Skipper J. D. McBride, volunteered to make the sails and to assist in painting and rigging the Ark. Colonel James Alfred Pratt, U. S. A. (retired), assisted by Mr. Fay Ferguson, Manager, of the Maryland Training School for Boys, which is located at Loch Raven, offered the services of his boys, in connection with any work for which they would be suitable. Accordingly, the cannon and the old navigating instruments, such as the cross-stick, the astrolabe and binnacle, as well as the pump and bunks were made at this school.

Through the Navy Department, Mr. Earle, who was appointed Fleet Commander by the Maryland Tercentenary Commission, secured the hull of a motor sailing launch with similar dimensions to those of the pinnace Dove, and the work on this vessel was also done by Captain Ernest Hartge and other volunteers of Galesville. The masts of the Dove were cut from the Cedar Park farm in Anne Arundel County and presented by the Misses Murray.

When the Ark and the Dove sailed into the St. Mary's River on the 15th and 16th of June, a number of well-known Chesapeake Bay skippers were on board as members of the crew. Captain George W. Rappleyea, who drew the designs for the two vessels, steered the Ark, while Captain Oscar Hartge, son of the early commander of the May Brown steered the Dove. Captain Andrew Johnson, formerly Deputy Commander of the State Fishery Force in charge of the Patuxent River area, and Captain Herman A. Woodfield of Galesville, a member of the Advisory Committee of the Conservation Department, and former dredger and well-known Bay skipper, were also on board the Ark.

For the benefit of thousands, who were unable to journey to the St. Mary's City celebration, the Ark and the Dove will be on view in Baltimore, during the Maryland Yacht Club Silver Jubilee celebrations, August 10, 11 and 12. A number of requests have been received by Conservation Commissioner Earle, under whose personal supervision the boats were built, to send the Ark and the Dove to other sections of the bay, so that citizens of the Eastern Shore and elsewhere might have an opportunity to see the little vessels. This will likely be done, although the permanent disposition of the ships has not, as yet, been decided upon.

A WHALE OF A STORY

Fishermen, Off Ocean City, Sight School Of Black Finbackers

STARTLED by the appearance of a school of from 18 to 25 black finback whales, measuring around 75 feet in length, occupants on two Ocean City power launches, engaged last month in bluefishing 20 miles off the Maryland coast, had a whale of a story to tell upon their arrival in port.

The mammals, swimming north, were first sighted by Capt. Crawford Savage, of the Hilda, shortly before noon 20 miles off Ocean City. Soon after, Capt. J. B. Huntington, of Annapolis, and his companion, William G. Rounds, Ocean City hotel owner, fishing on the Dorne not far from the Savage craft, noted the giants of the deep.

Motors of both power boats were silenced as the anglers anxiously watched the approach of the whales. Spouts of vapor flew skyward from the mammals like so many geysers. One giant whale leaped partly in the air and plunged beneath the Atlantic with a roar.

The whales came closer to the two boats. Abreast of the Drone the group halted momentarily only a few hundred yards distant. It was then that Capt. Huntington, veteran angler, cast aside his rod and reel and grabbed a high-powered rifle.

Rounds realizing Huntington intended to shoot at the whales, pounced upon him and wrested the rifle from his hands. To have attacked the whales out there on the Atlantic would have been suicidal, Pounds said last night. "Had they turned upon our small boats in anger, they might have killed us all," he said.

In Capt. Huntington's mind, when he grabbed his rifle, was probably no thought of possible disaster. He had visions of annexing a big silver loving cup which the Ocean City Chamber of Commerce is offering to the angler catching the biggest fish during the month of June. And so he figured if he could nab a whale the cup would be his.—*Washington Post.*

SPONGE CRABS TRANSFERRED TO TANGIER SOUND

AT the beginning of the crab season in Maryland it was apparent that there would probably be a shortage in the supply, at least during the early months of the season. Accordingly a conference was held with Mr. N. R. Coulbourne, chairman of the Seafood Division of the Crisfield Chamber of Commerce, relative to the advisability of transplanting sponge or egg-bearing female crabs from Chincoteague Bay to the waters of Tangier Sound. The matter was later taken up with Chief Inspector E. O. Townsend, who was instructed to make definite arrangements for this work. It was Captain Townsend's opinion that June would be the best time for the transplantation work to be carried out, and a committee from Crisfield, consisting of N. R. Coulbourne, L. R. Carson, Gordon E. Milbourne, William H. Dryden and J. C. W. Tawes, was appointed to assist Captain Townsend in selecting the best bottoms in the tributary waters of Tangier Sound for the planting of the crabs.

It was originally planned to have the crabbers of Chincoteague Bay catch the sponge crabs for this experiment, but it was later found that they were unwilling to do so, and in the end the sponge crabs had to be purchased at Franklin City, Virginia, just below the Maryland-Virginia boundary line. Approximately 9,000 egg-bearing crabs were obtained and delivered in baskets (112 to the basket), and these were transferred by automobile to Crisfield, where a boat was waiting to convey them to the areas selected by the Crisfield committee. Old Island Bar at the mouth of the little Annemessex River and Hazard's Bar off the mouth of the Manokin River were considered the best sections, and the crabs were accordingly planted there.

Chief Inspector Townsend's report on the operation stated that the mortality occurring among the transplanted crabs was very small, not more than two to five crabs to a basket.

It was regretted that the Department was unable to secure more sponge crabs for this experiment, as it is believed that an increase in the crab supply in Somerset County waters will result, as was the case with a similar experiment in Connecticut several years ago, when the Commissioner of Fisheries of that state requested the Department to ship several barrels of sponge crabs for release in their waters. In spite of a rather heavy mortality

of between forty and fifty per cent. which occurred among the crabs shipped to Connecticut from Chincoteague Bay, excellent results were reported.

The experiment in Tangier Sound will be carefully watched by the Conservation Department, as it is believed that Maryland may have to take measures of her own to increase the crab supply if Virginia cannot or will not see the wisdom of protecting the pregnant female crab in her waters.

MARYLAND SPORTSMAN'S LUNCHEON CLUB

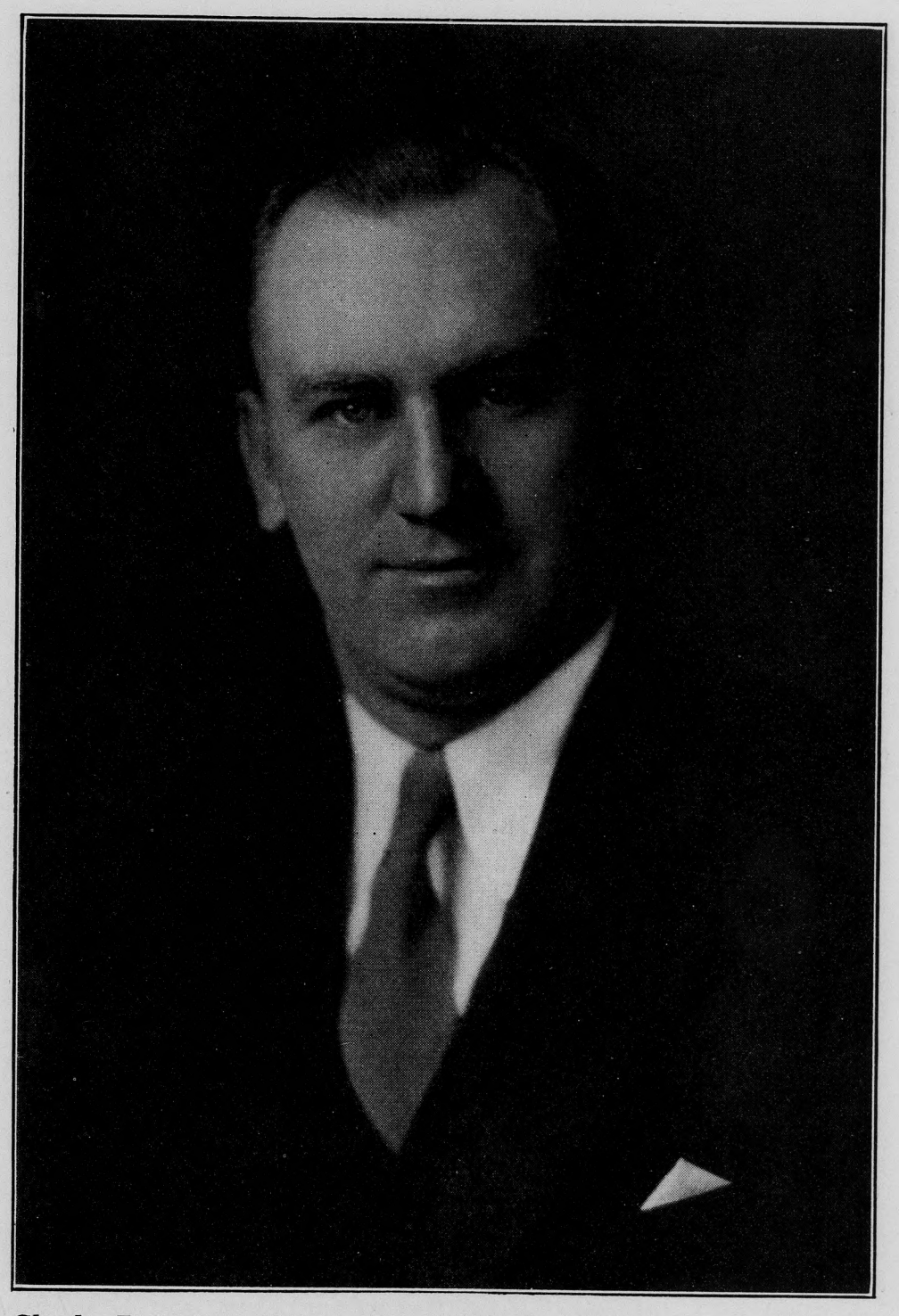
Address of CHAS. E. JACKSON, *Deputy Commissioner, U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, Emerson Hotel, Baltimore, Md.*

MR. PRESIDENT and Members of the Maryland Sportsman's Luncheon Club, it is not my purpose to deliver a sermon, but I want to quote the Bible.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," and on the first, second, third, and fourth days God busied Himself creating many things on the earth and then on the fifth day He created the fish, great whales and every living creature in the waters of the earth, and on that day no sportsman caught a fish for it was not until the sixth day that God created man and ever since that day man has sought fish for food and for sport and fishing became one of the first industries of the world.

If man had continued to live as did Adam and Eve, doubtless there would have been enough fish for every human but man became civilized and built great cities, moved great mountains, dammed great streams, cleared out the woods, dumped poisonous matters into our rivers and streams and in promoting his own advancement denuded the forests and made living conditions for the fish very difficult. Nature can no longer produce fish under primeval conditions and it became necessary for man to aid nature to overcome the handicaps of civilization in order that there might be sufficient fish for food and sport.

Most of us do not appreciate those things which are at our disposal until they are taken from us. It is the duty of the Bureau of Fisheries and the State fish and game departments to stock the



Charles E. Jackson, Deputy Commissioner, U. S. Bureau of Fisheries

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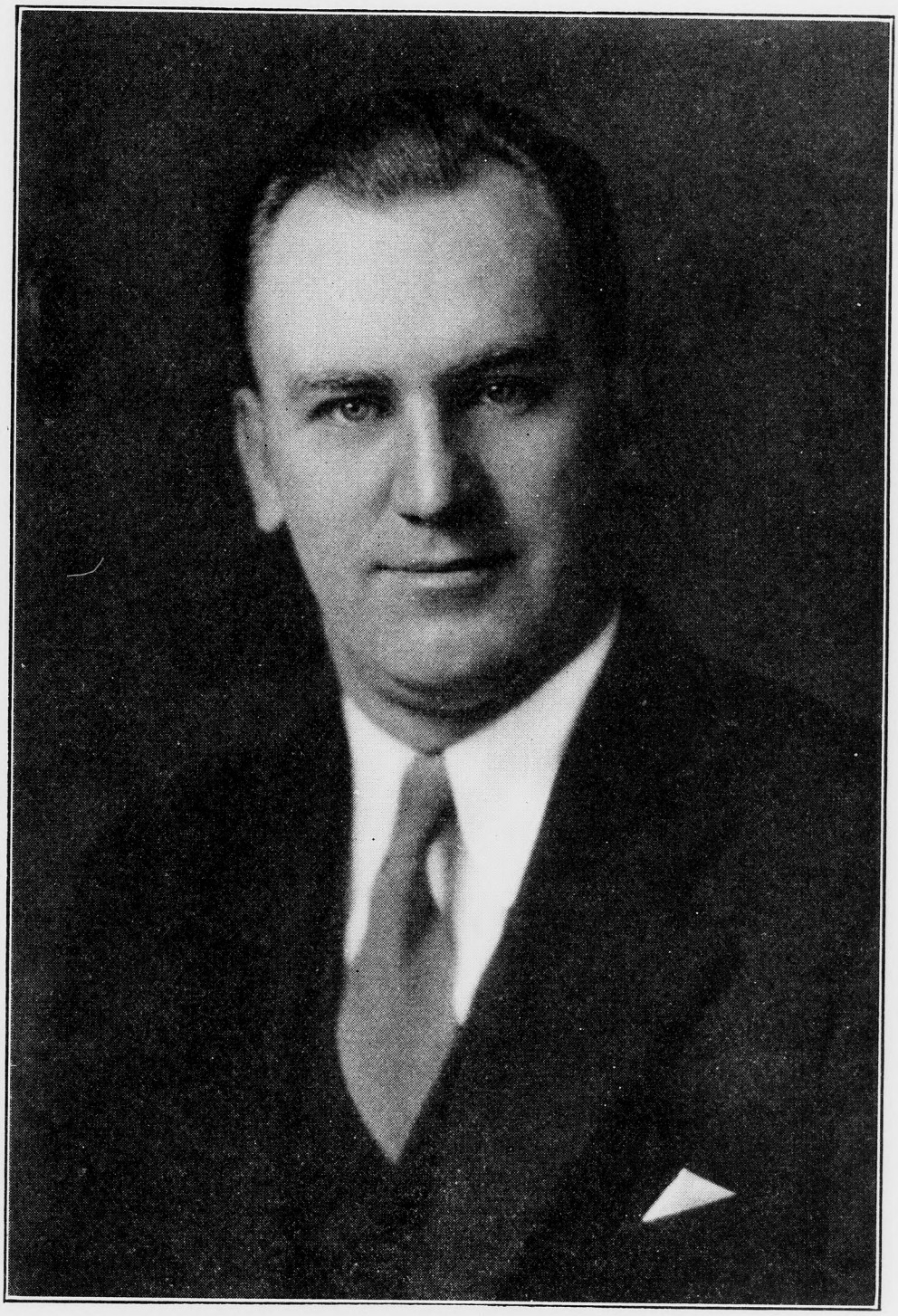

Charles E. Jackson, Deputy Commissioner, U. S. Bureau of Fisheries

streams and the waters with fish. The question I want to bring to your mind is what would happen if the Bureau of Fisheries and if the State fish organizations should today cease their operations entirely. How long would you anglers take to totally exhaust the supply? I venture to say only a few days and our streams would become devoid of fish life.

The Bureau of Fisheries has 89 fish cultural stations in 39 states of the Union which are constantly engaged in the propagation and distribution of fish. Our annual production of fish and eggs approaches seven billion and we are concerned with the fact that many more must be produced in order to meet the demand because of increased leisure time. With the aid of Federal Emergency funds we are enlarging our facilities in all parts of the United States, and when these facilities are completed and in operation we will increase our production of inland game fish about 35%. State hatcheries are increasing their output and they, too, have taken advantage of emergency funds for this purpose. Those of us who are engaged in the conservation of fish are doing the best we can to supply your needs. We need your cooperation in protecting the fish and in destroying that greatest of evil—pollution. We are often criticised because we distribute fish of too small a size. We recognize it would be more desirable to distribute large fish, but we do not have the funds to feed them. To overcome this situation Commissioner Bell has established a policy for the Bureau of Fisheries and is asking the cooperation of the various states; of the Izaak Walton League and of all organizations interested in conservation, including the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts, to help us rear these fish to a larger size. The response has been splendid and in all parts of the country organizations having lake and pond facilities are holding our small fish several months, feeding and rearing them to a larger size before distributing them in the streams. We appreciate the assistance that your great organization is rendering us along these lines and in in all matters pertaining to conservation.

It is difficult for me to address you on the subject of sport fishing. Sport fishing is a hobby. Each of you has a considerable knowledge of angling and you read the current magazines which are filled with information on the subject, but you give little thought as a rule to fish as a food and I think it would be appropriate if I give you a few interesting and unusual facts about fish as a food.

Do you know that there are more than three thousand varieties of fish in the United States?

That 160 of these varieties are edible?

But that only twelve of these 160 varieties constitute 80% of the total fish consumed.

Do you know that fishermen every day are throwing overboard thousands of pounds of edible fish that we have not been educated to enjoy and that the people of many foreign countries consider as delicious?

Do you know that eels are considered a delicacy by the Italians and that great ship loads are brought into New York every Christmas time which the Italians use in place of turkey to celebrate Christmas? Each Christmas week, live eel boats anchor at New York with tons of squirming live eels on board?

Do you know that the Spaniards and the Greeks consider devil fish (octopus) a rare delicacy and that considerable quantities are frozen in Spain and sold in New York City?

Do you know that the Jewish race consider carp the most delectable fish and that there is a considerable live carp fish business in this country? I had the privilege of visiting the Mississippi Live Fish Company in St. Louis, where they had tanks containing thousands of live carp which were shipped in tanked trucks to the East. A Potomac River fisherman told me recently that he got better prices for live carp in Washington than he did for shad.

Do you know that carp are actually held in ponds in the Middle Western States and fattened on corn before going to market?

Do you know that the negro of the south considers alligator tail the best of food and that they never turn down shark meat?

Our investigators have recently found out that in a nearby Virginia city the puffer toad fish is sold as "cole fish" and that steady demand for this fish has been created. Only a small tidbit can be gotten from a puffer toad fish, but it is said to be food fit for a king.

Do you know that the wings of a skate fish, better known as a stingaree are delicious and that the gar-fish find favor with the colored race?

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MARYLAND FISHERIES

PUBLISHED BIMONTHLY BY CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT,
SWEPSON EARLE, Commissioner.

No. 29 BALTIMORE, MARYLAND July, 1934

THE CHESAPEAKE WELCOMES THE YACHTSMAN

WHEN the Maryland Yacht Club holds its joint Silver Jubilee and Tercentenary celebrations on August 10, 11 and 12 large numbers of yachts from all parts of the Atlantic Coast are expected to participate in the festivities. Some of these boats have visited the waters of Chesapeake Bay before, others will be seeing its unique beauties for the first time.

Yachtsmen entering the Bay at the Capes will pass, after leaving Old Point Comfort, many great tributaries of the Old Dominion. The York River, Mobjack Bay, the Piankatank, Rappahannock and Great Wicomico are some of the well-known arms of the Chesapeake that must be passed before rounding Smith Point, which marks the southerly entrance to the famous and beautiful Potomac. A cruise up this river will well repay the visitor, who will find many fine colonial estates and places of historic interest, such as "Stratford," "Wakefield," "Gunston Hall," "Mount Vernon" and others.

Continuing up the Chesapeake, after rounding Cedar Point, the Patuxent with a 60 foot *natural* channel looms up. Fine harbors are found here at either Drum Point or Solomons Island. Passing Cove Point at the mouth of the Patuxent, the cliffs of Calvert County rise almost vertically from the bay to an elevation of between one and two hundred feet, and for a distance of 20 miles on this side of the bay no harbors can be found. On the opposite side of the bay, however, the Little and Great Choptank Rivers offer protection in case of an unexpected storm.

After passing Bloody Point Lighthouse at the lower tip of Kent Island, the wireless towers of the Navy Department and the dome of the beautiful State House at Annapolis come into view. The Severn River at Annapolis offers an excellent harbor, and the

city of Annapolis is one of the most interesting from a historical and architectural standpoint in the State. After passing Sandy Point the broad upper bay lies ahead, with the Magothy on the left, home of the Gibson Island Yacht Club, and the Chester to the right, and thence on to the Patapsco which leads to the metropolis of Maryland.

Those coming to the Chesapeake from the north and using the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal will find the upper reaches of the bay attractive. Passing down the Elk River, Turkey Point looms ahead on the right, and a view is had of the famed Susquehanna with its broad flats where canvasback ducks assemble by the thousands in the early fall. Continuing down, the mouth of the Sassafras is passed on the eastward, and the Bush and Gunpowder on the west before reaching the Patapsco.

Not the least of the Chesapeake's charms is the fishing that is to be enjoyed in these waters. Such delectable varieties as the striped bass (rock), bluefish, sea trout and others invite the angler, and the visitor to the Maryland Yacht Club Regatta would do well to stow aboard some fishing equipment. Yachtsmen, the Bay Country welcomes you!

SUSQUEHANNA FISH POTS DYNAMITED

AFTER receiving reports of violations and making one arrest for operating fish pots in Susquehanna River, this Department took decisive means of destroying the pots which were built in and around some huge rocks located in the bed of the Susquehanna River between Deer Creek and Shure's Landing.

The only manner and means by which these pots could be destroyed was by dynamiting. It is fortunate for the Department that it has in its organization a real explosive expert in the person of E. C. Kerns, District Deputy Game Warden of Baltimore County. Mr. Kerns is qualified for this hazardous undertaking, having been employed by the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company, Wilmington, Delaware, for a number of years previous to his coming to the State Game Division.

District Deputy Game Wardens Kerns and Stempel, under the direction of Chief Deputy Game Warden Richard T. Norris,

undertook the clearing of these fish pots and the blasting of rocks on July 6th, 13th and 16th, after first getting the cooperation of the Power Company at Conowingo Dam. Four charges were set off, consisting of two hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite.

Two large fish pots were located one mile below Shure's Landing, one in the center of the river and the other on the west side; and a third pot was built in the mouth of Deer Creek. These pots were constructed in such a manner as to be practically permanent structures as holes were drilled through the rocks and equipment, such as telephone and telegraph poles, log chains, wire mill wheels, was used. It is said they were operated by residents of Pennsylvania.

The cost of dynamiting these fish pots was approximately $50.00, which amount was charged to the Anglers' License Fund.

Elmination of these pots and destruction of the places where they might be built in the future, should materially increase the amount of fish available in this part of the river.

RAINBOWS IN MY MARYLAND

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

From *Outdoor America*

I LIVE in Pennsylvania, and I find that the chief advantage of living here is that I can get over into Maryland so easily. These dark words you can interpret as you read on. Supposed to be one of the greatest hunting and fishing states of the Union, Pennsylvania is so only in spots; and I don't happen to live on one of them. But it's only ten miles from my home to the Maryland line—and to some of the very finest trout fishing of the East.

Maryland is not usually considered a fresh-water state. The lordly Chesapeake Bay makes it so renowned for salt-water fishing that few people realize that in the western counties of this commonwealth there are mountains, beautiful rhododendron-hung mountain streams, great limestone springs, the clear streams from which flow through pastoral meadows for miles before they join the Potomac, the Antietam, or the Monocacy. While conditions in the eastern part of Maryland are ideal for weakfish, bass, blue-

fish, rockfish, and the like, conditions in the West are as ideal for the brook and the rainbow trout. It is of the latter that I wish especially to tell. Have you guessed that secret? Or do I remind you of a broad-jumper who runs a couple of miles before making a take-off?

In most of the cold-water streams of this part of the country the brook trout is native; but all the rainbows are imported. Maryland has wisely refrained from putting browns in the same streams with brooks, for the former usually destroy the latter. As far as my observation extends, the brooks and rainbows survive together. One afternoon last April I caught five brooks and five rainbows out of the same stretch of water. The big rainbow is doubtless a cannibal; but an old brown trout far surpasses the rainbow in this charming little habit.

While I suppose I must be conventional and say that all true anglers use the fly only, if I am honest I must declare that I fish with whatsoever lure the fish want. And how can there be deep degradation in this when Izaak Walton held the same doctrine? I use flies when conditions are right for them; otherwise I use spinners, grasshoppers, minnows, or whatever else will bring a strike. I don't like to come home, after fishing all day in muddy waters with a fly, with nothing in my creel but a moral victory. Call it materialism, but I do like to bring home something, if for no other reason than to prove to my wife and my three boys (and to myself, of course) that I am not slipping.

The prevalence of the rainbow in Western Maryland is due entirely to the fine work done by the sportsmen, in collaboration with the state authorities and the Federal Government. Several fine hatcheries are maintained and liberal stockings are made every year. The season extends from April 1 to July 1, and during this period each trout stream is usually stocked twice, a major planting having been made a few weeks before the season opens. By this method good fishing is insured until the very last day of the season. I mention it because in so many states trout are planted in the preceding summer or fall, and by the first day of the following season a good many of them have passed down to deeper unfished waters or have succumbed to predators. Moreover, Maryland has come to stock with trout of twelve inches or over. During the 1933 season I took from Maryland waters fifty-six trout. The smallest was fourteen inches long, and the largest

was twenty, which weighed three and one-quarter pounds. Now even in the West a three-pound rainbow would be considered a pretty good-sized fish. My experience in catching him will give some idea of the general character of the sport.

Marsh Run has its source in limestone springs in extreme Southern Pennsylvania. A mile across the Maryland line it is dammed for a mill; and above this dam there are no trout. The spillway of the dam forms a little stream, deep, rapid, cold. The main body of water passes over the huge old-fashioned millwheel. The overflow forms so comparatively small a body of water that few people ever fish it, but both rainbows and brooks have a way of working as high up toward the spring-sources as they can go, especially on warm days.

Late one afternoon in May I started to fish down the tiny stream from the spillway of the dam. The stream was overhung by reeds, rank grasses, and bushes. It took a good deal of patience to get the line in anywhere. Though fishing with a light fly rod, I was not using standard fly tackle. I had on a buckshot sinker. Then I had a No. 10 gray hackle fly tied behind a little spinner. This may sound like a crazy lure, but I was fishing a crazy place. To do so I let my line slip down under the bushes, then reeled it slowly in so as to make the spinner do its stuff. After twenty yards of fishing, and following him fifty yards downstream I caught a fourteen-inch brook trout. Going back to where I hooked him, I got immediately a savage heavy strike. It seems to me that the fisherman can usually tell whether a brook or a rainbow has his line, and a difference in technique, at least in the waters I am describing, is necessary to land each one. The brook strikes very sharply, then dashes away, usually downstream. The rainbow takes hold with bold manliness, and then usually moves up against the current, though not nearly so fast as the brook rushes down.

The fish that I now hooked at first did nothing but hold on, so that I began to wonder whether I had not merely snagged my line. But when I gave an easy tug his majesty moved slowly upstream. Though at the time he was a foot under water, so small was the stream that even his slow motion made a distinct wave. He seemed to be more annoyed than alarmed, and was not unwilling to let me bring him to the top of the water. When I saw what I had, hopes of landing him in such a bush-smothered

rivulet faded fast. The tininess of the stream served to emphasize his size. He was the kind of a fish that makes the fisherman think that *he* is the one who is hooked.

For fifteen minutes this trout and I paraded up and down, he in the water and I on the bank. It was as if each one of us were too polite to start anything. I actually kept wondering if he really had the hook, or if he were just chewing at the fly. But there always comes an end to maneuvers like these. Without warning he asserted his dignity, rushing upstream faster than I could follow. He buckled my pole until I thought the good bamboo could never stand the strain. He got far under the shelving bank and I thought surely he would cut my line against a sharp rock. All idea of playing him in the true sense had to be abandoned so I laid my rod on the grass, took the line in my hand, worked my way up over the place where he lay, and then began to coax him out. Having no especial power of seduction in this way, I had to fight him out of his den and to the surface, where I brought him to net. His head protruded from the top of my little trout landing-net. Here was an old veteran that had weathered several seasons by taking up his habitation in waters that the average man would say were far too meager to support even fingerling trout. When I opened this fine specimen I found that he had in his stomach at least half a pint of snails, shells and all!

A curious feature of this episode was the fact that I caught this fish within a stone's throw of half a dozen farm houses, the inhabitants of which never fish! People are mighty different. I meet on that stream sportsmen from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, nearly a hundred miles away—yet those whose windows overlook it do not fish. But those who are not Waltonians have some mighty fine qualities; for example, they let me prowl through their gardens and chicken yards with impunity—and at daylight—a very suspicious hour.

Strange to say, I have not found that the time of day is a critical consideration in fishing these Maryland streams. I have caught trout before sunrise, in the full of the morning, in blazing mid-afternoon, at sundown, after dark. Most of these streams (not their spillways and tributaries) are seldom very clear, and they have a big volume of water. For those reasons the fisherman is not obliged to creep and crawl, and a bright day does not kill his chances.

Dawn of the opening day brings to the stream a great cross-section of humanity: old fishermen, boys, girls, women with trousers on. Some fish without faith; some fish desperately. All kinds of tackle is seen. On a stretch of stream a hundred yards long I have noticed bait fishermen—some using salmon eggs, some using flies, some trying even plugs, some working spinners. Some float their lures; others sink them. Every fisherman is for himself but a great sense of fellowship prevails. Indeed it is this spirit that is chiefly responsible for making me devoted to hunting and fishing. One sportsman can always go up to another and talk to him like a human being. In nature's house introductions are superfluous.

Let us say that this Maryland stream has been well stocked with heavy rainbows, and that the water is about right. Will every fisherman catch his limit of ten? No, some will not catch a thing. There is a certain eerie art about trout fishing anywhere; and the instinct for it is in the blood. One of my negro hunters used to say, "My mind done tell me there is a buck in that place." And there usually was! So the man who hopes to catch trout must have a mind that tells him exactly what to do. He must have either as a gift from nature, or he must acquire by long and diligent experience, the lowdown on trout psychology.

About ten o'clock one opening day I met a gentleman from Baltimore on the banks of St. James' Run, another famous Maryland stream. He and I fell naturally into conversation. At the time I had eight trout, ranging from fifteen to nineteen inches. He told me he had not had a strike.

"How do you catch these darned things, anyway?" he asked me.

He was using no leader; he had a regular shark hook on his bare line; he had no sinker; and the tip of the hook was decorated with a prodigious streamer of pork rind! As he was a regular fellow he and I had a good laugh over this regalia. I told him that if I were a trout I wouldn't touch his offering either. It has always seemed to me that in order really to catch fish, a man has to imagine himself a fish, and think of what kind of a lure would be irresistible.

I rigged my friend's line with a six-foot fly leader, with a buck-shot sinker about halfway down; then I put on a No. 6 hook. The bait was a striped minnow, for the water was running cloudy.

Within five minutes he had caught a seventeen-inch rainbow. Not the least pleasure in fishing is seeing the other man catch a good one, especially if he's modest and has been playing in hard luck.

These streams that I describe are meadow rather than mountain streams. At times they afford excellent fly fishing. I have had fast sport in the Little Antietam and in the Troup's Run, which is fed by a series of remarkable springs. In the main, however, they are not typical fly streams. But late in the afternoon and early in the evening they are admirable nymph streams.

As is well known, these nymphs hatch under water, and the trout take them as they rise, usually striking just under the surface. Because of that fact we can account for the heavy rises that we see at dusk on still pools—rises that seldom actually break the water. There are some excellent nymph lures and these are highly effective with rainbows. This is a matter of "fishing the rises," using nymphs instead of flies.

I remember a fast evening I had at Marsh Run, made less interesting perhaps by the fish than by the presence in the meadow where I was angling of two huge bulls, which were most perversely affected by the calm of the springtime twilight. For two hours my attention was divided between catching rainbows and outmaneuvering these bulls. A dozen times I waded the waist-deep stream to escape their inquisitiveness; and once I took refuge in a huge willow tree overhanging the stream. Imagine me there in the semi-darkness with an eighteen-inch rainbow ripping up the pool below as he tried to tear off my line, and two grim bisons below me, with no trace of friendliness in their demeanor, as far as I could discover. I finally landed that trout by awkwardly hauling him up into the tree, and really did not deserve to get him, so inept was my management of him.

In fishing with these nymph lures, I depend less on casting than on drifting. The work is done with a short line. I let the lure sink rather deeply, then draw it slowly toward the surface, in imitation of a naturally rising nymph. There seems more certainty about a trout's hitting such a lure squarely than there is in his taking a surface fly, just as the sunken fly is more effective under certain conditions than the dry.

Yes, there are rainbows in my Maryland, thanks to good laws, hospitable landowners, and intelligent and generous sportsmen.

This fine fishing teaches me if we are to have game and fish we have to depend on more than the state and Federal governments. The whole thing comes back to the individual; and the individual who saves the day is invariably the true sportsman. Our natural heritage is in his hands.

SEED OYSTERS SHOW SIZE INCREASE

During the month of April, when the seed oyster operations were under way, a great many thousands of bushels of these small oysters were transferred from the Head of the Bay to the waters of the upper Tangier Sound.

Recently a test was made of these transplanted oysters to determine their condition, and it is gratifying to report that they are growing rapidly and are in excellent shape. These oysters were planted opposite Deals Island in Tangier Sound.

WORK ON OCEAN CITY JETTIES ADVANCES

EARLY in July the Conservation Commissioner visited the waters of Worcester County to make certain investigations relative to the oyster laws and other fishery matters. The jetties which are being built under the supervision of the United States Engineer are progressing, and work on the north jetty is going ahead rapidly. The United States Engineer stated that the contract for the south jetty is about to be let.

Boats from Ocean City are going in and out of the inlet to the Gulf Stream, where the stories of large fish being hooked are heard daily. One of the well-known Ocean City fishermen recently reported having had a 200 pound marlin on his line. Large tuna have been caught, and it is most likely that as boats continue out to greater distances, larger and larger fish will be caught this season. Blue fish up to 11 pounds have been taken, and the stories of returning fishermen will turn the eyes of all anglers to Ocean City this summer. Even in Chincoteague and Sinepuxent Bays larger fish have been taken than heretofore, and the crab supply has increased greatly. This latter fact is most encouraging, as there is a shortage in the crab supply of the upper Chesapeake this season, and an ample supply of sponge crabs in the waters of Worcester County will help offset this shortage.

The Conservation Department has received a number of applications for oyster leases in the inland waters of Worcester County, and as soon as the dredging is completed and the inlet jetties are farther advanced, there is every reason to believe that the oyster and clam industry will make a marked advance in these waters.

SURVEY ALONG THE POTOMAC

A joint resolution passed by the General Assembly of Maryland and the General Assembly of Virginia authorized the Conservation Commissioner of Maryland to confer with the Commissioner of Fisheries of Virginia and other representatives of that State in regard to the establishment of a line on the Maryland, or northerly, side of the Potomac River similar to that established sometime ago on the southerly or Virginia side of the Potomac. The waters of this river lying between these lines are used in common by the citizens of the States of Maryland and Virginia for the taking of oysters, crabs and fish under the Compact of 1785 between the two States.

Commissioner Earle left Baltimore on the 17th of July to meet Commissioner Armstrong and go over the charts of the area in question.

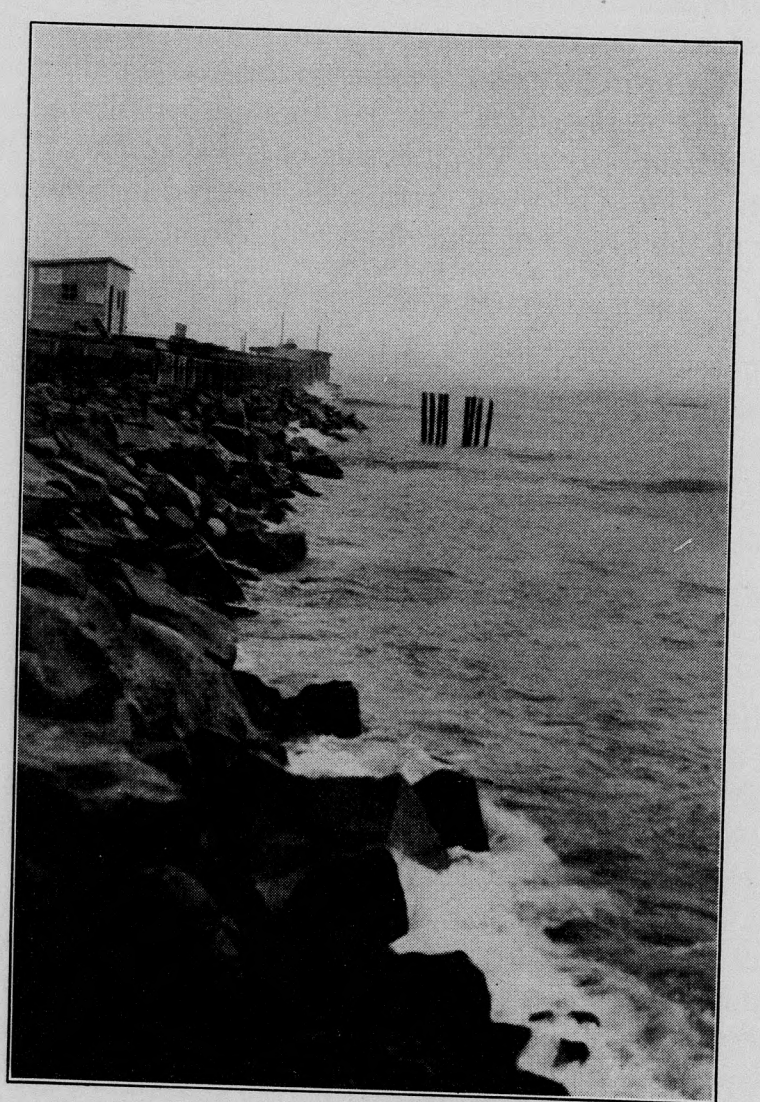
MARYLAND SPORTSMAN'S LUNCHEON CLUB

(*Continued from Page 11*)

I point out all these things to show that fish as a food has unlimited possibilities. Certainly the fish industry, because of the very nature of the business, has not kept pace with other great food industries of the nation. I was amazed to find that the per capita consumption of oysters today is little more than one-sixth of what it was in 1880, and this in spite the fact that the population has increased a hundred and forty per cent during that time. A famous nutrition doctor was in my office recently and he told me thirty-three million people in the U. S. suffer from goitre and in his opinion this disease could be avoided if the people of this country would eat shellfish once a week. The vitamins contained in the oils of many of our native fishes are greater than

cod liver oil, yet the nation is just now awakening to this important fact. And so I call on you sportsmen not only to continue to enjoy the great sport of angling, but to do your part to help your brothers who are engaged in the fishing industry and sell to the people of the U. S. the fact that fish food is healthful and plentiful and that fish constitutes one of the oldest industries of the world, and is a basic industry of this country.

Conservation is as vital to the commercial fisherman as it is to the sport fisherman, so lets have both groups join in restoring our natural resources so that all the people may benefit by the use of healthful food-fish and through healthful recreation.



Ocean City North Jetty Nearing Completion

JOINT CONVENTION

OF THE

ENTIRE OYSTER INDUSTRY

WITH

The Oyster Growers and Dealers Association

OF NORTH AMERICA

AND

National Shellfisheries Association

AT

THE SOUTHERN HOTEL

BALTIMORE, MD.

AUGUST 6, 7, 8, 1934

A HEARTY WELCOME TO ALL MARYLANDERS, ESPECIALLY THOSE ENGAGED IN THE SEAFOOD INDUSTRY.

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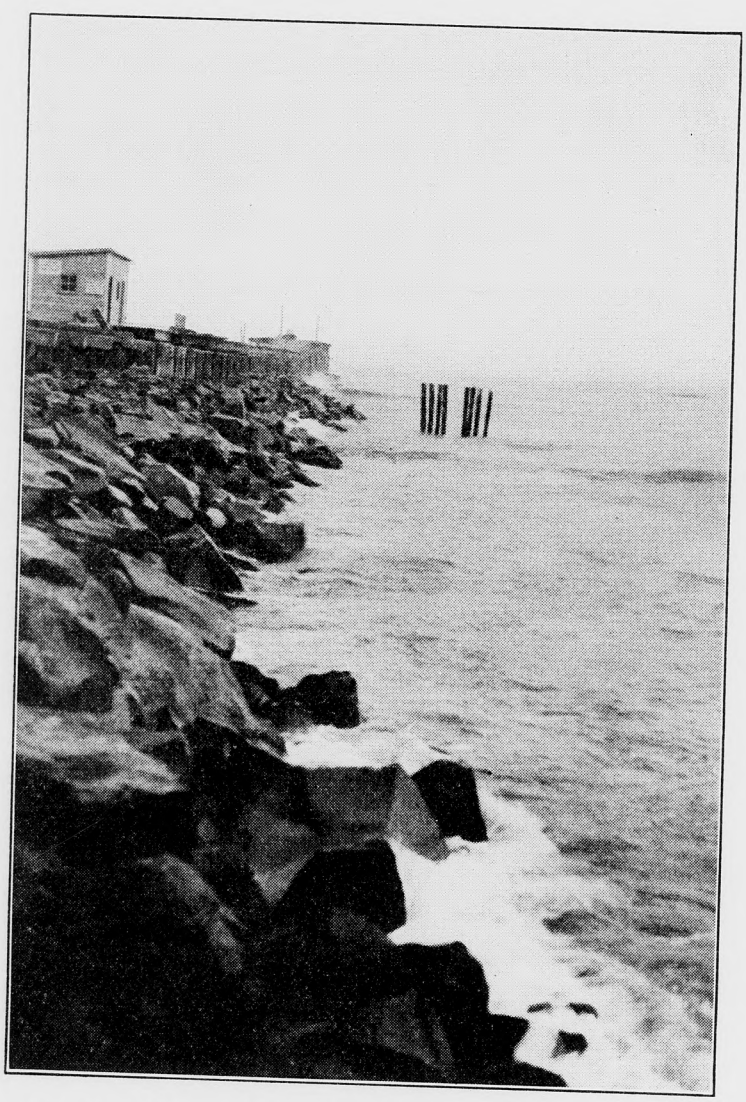

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